

The Missionary Helper.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

VOL. XVI. SEPTEMBER, 1893.

No. 9.

God is building here a temple,
Day by day its walls arise,
He hath laid a sure foundation,
And its top shall reach the skies;
Every good deed, however humble,
In the structure finds a place,
And the mighty Master-builder
Fashions all with heavenly grace.
Patient servant of the Saviour,
Humble toiler for the right,
Sore beset, and almost conquered
In the fierce and constant fight,
O remember, and take courage,
Thou canst never fail, nor lose,
If thou bringest to the Master
Blocks which he will not refuse.
Hast thou raised a prostrate brother?
Hast thou saved a soul from sin?
Though unknown, despised, forgotten,
May thy work of love have been,
God has wrought it in the temple,
It is whiter than the snow,
Brighter than the flashing ruby,
Purer than the diamond's glow.
Time hath now no power to mar it;
'Tis immortal as thy soul—
It shall be a thing of beauty,
While eternal ages roll.
When the mighty walls are finished,
And the temple is complete,
It shall be for thee a trophy,
Making all thy joy more sweet.

V. G. R.

EFFECT OF PRESENT CRISIS UPON MISSIONS.

"I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." These times of business depression make one turn to some source of positive rest and help. Many homes are full of anxiety as to the supply of the commonest necessities of life. The suspension of a large number of industries leaves countless families all unprepared to carry out former plans and to meet assumed obligations.

At such a time there is a turning in every direction for help, and the words above quoted, so full of power, so unlimited in their scope, link us to infinity and seem as if illuminated from above.

In no respect will our faith at this time be more fully tested than in relation to our benevolent work. It is not unnatural that people think first, "My family must eat. We must have clothing." Benevolences are left to suffer. Debts assumed for the carrying on of benevolent work are among the last to be honored. Now it is easy to see that such action on the part of many persons will be serious in results upon our missionary and other enterprises.

Ought we not to trust God's promise of help so fully as to say, "I will be true to my pledges," or, if pledges have not been made, "to my duty in relation to Christian work"?

The story of the widow who fed Elijah may be looked upon by some as a pretty myth, but the whole spirit of God's promises is in harmony with it. God loves to honor faith in him.

Then let it not be true that our missionaries in India and this country shall be obliged to close schools or dismiss Bible readers; but trusting that if we "fear not," God surely will help us, let us stand firmly by the work we have undertaken during this financial crisis.

A PRUDENT man is like a pin; his heads prevents him from going too far.—*Jerrold.*

WHO WILL BE REMEMBERED?

WHO are the people who are the most missed when they leave the earth? Are they those who reach the highest point of self-culture? No. Are they the millionaires who like eddying pools draw all they can into one hungry vortex? No. Are they those whose minds grasp one phase of thought, and who go about with their intellectual arms akimbo hitting everybody who thinks differently? No.

They are those whose lives touch the most other lives helpfully. They are those who set in motion the most influences which tend to make the world better. They are those who *serve* spiritual and physical blessings to others. They may be rich or poor, learned or unlearned, of large or small calibre intellectually. The outgoing of life in blessing to the world is the measure of its value to humanity, and in such proportion is it missed.

How mistaken are the Christian people who look with cold glances out over the needy portions of the earth, apparently caring nothing that millions are unfed spiritually! What loss comes to their lives here in failing to carry out the real spirit of the Gospel embodied in such passages as, "Freely ye have received, freely give"; "he that loseth his life shall save it!"

What loss will come in the future to the narrow lives which are preparing for themselves a limited instead of an "abundant entrance" into the kingdom above!

How soon such will be forgotten by the people whom they have never helped or blessed!

MRS. GRAY'S MITE-BOX.

MRS. GRAY entered her home, looking altogether too glum for a woman who had just returned from church. With something of impatience she untied a small package and placed an empty mite-box on the shelf.

Her invalid sister looked up with questioning eyes which led Mrs. Gray to say, "I wish people wouldn't be cranky. I have

given my two cents a week for missions ever since the society was started, and purpose to. Now Mrs. Haines has a new notion. She isn't satisfied to let well enough alone, but wants each one of us to take a box and put into it something every time we have anything to be especially thankful for, so as to have it ready when thank-offering day comes next June. It has been hard enough to save the dollar and four cents every year, and I'm not going to bother myself about doing any more."

Carrie, Mrs. Gray's sister, had been an invalid for many months and was entirely dependent upon the kindness of the family. A look of pain passed like a shadow over her features, but the peaceful expression came back at once, and she said sweetly :

"Let the box stand there, but do not worry about it, sister. God only wants us to do what we can."

Carrie had occasional gifts of money from an absent relative, which she had been accustomed to expend for such delicacies as an invalid craves. The next morning she smilingly asked her niece, a bright girl of twelve, to bring her the little thanksgiving box.

Wonderingly Minnie held it while her Annt Carrie dropped in two pennies, saying, "I had two hours of rest without pain last night and I want to give a penny for each hour, I am so thankful."

Some serious thinking followed. Mr. and Mrs. Gray and Minnie had slept through long restful hours. They had the comforts of life though they were obtained by hard work. Complaint often passed their lips because they had not so much as others. But they dearly loved invalid Carrie and they knew what a sufferer she was. If she could be thankful, surely they ought to be.

After breakfast Mrs. Gray said quietly, "I hadn't thought of showing gratitude as you do, Carrie. I believe I shall be happier if I look less at what I do not have and more at my

blessings. I am going to put five cents into our thanksgiving box to reprove myself for my selfish thoughts yesterday and to show my gratitude for health."

It was wonderful what a blessing that little mite-box proved to the Gray family. Carrie took real comfort in giving pennies in gratitude for improving health and her example was contagious.

In having their attention called to causes for thankfulness both Mr. and Mrs. Gray learned to look less at their hardships and Minnie was educated to find real pleasure in little self-denials, whereby she was enabled to drop occasional pennies into the box.

When the thank-offering meeting was held in 1892 Mrs. Gray did not attend, for it really seemed to her that she could not consistently give anything, but there was no happier woman present at the 1893 meeting than this same woman who carried a box containing three dollars, with this text, "It is good to give thanks unto the Lord." AUNT STANLEY.

*Cheney Cottage, Ocean Park,
July 5, '93.*

COMING TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THEY gather here from distant lands,
O'er the ocean's foam, from shining sands
Of tropic climes, from isles as bright
As Eden's bloom before its blight.
They come from lands of the midnight sun,
Bringing the trophies their hands have won.
They come from the land of eternal snow,
From fields of ice come the Esquimaux.
From Eastern lands they have come afar
Seeking the light of Bethlehem's star.
They gather here from pagan lands
Where caste still holds its iron bands.
But Buddha's temples waver and nod,
They would learn to-day of the living God.
They come from the realms of Islam's sway;
The Crescent bows to the cross to-day.

From the north and south, from east and west,
Richest and poorest, vilest and best,
They come our country's growth to view;
Homage the old world pays the new.
Some token from each land they bring,
The ends of the earth send offering.
E'en savage tribes their tribute pay;
The world is at our gates to-day.
Treasures of science, treasures of art,
Wondrous fabrics from Persia's mart,
Gems of beauty and diamonds rare,
Priceless jewels and pearls so fair,
Precious ore from the depths of the earth,
Telling its tale of the ages' birth.
Countless wealth from under the sea,
Forms of strange beauty—lavish and free,
Tropical birds with their plumage rare,
Wonderful plants with roots in the air,
Treasured relics from castle and hall,
Back from the past our thoughts recall.
Heaviest shackles or costliest crown
From age to age they were handed down.
They tell a nation's fall, or the birth
Of heroes or kings, who've passed from earth,
This is the world's metropolis.
We catch the throbs of woe or bliss
That thrill the world. We feel the beat
Of its mighty heart—its pulse so fleet.
This is our country's crowning hour.
How shall we use this mighty power?
What shall we teach them? What to-day
Is the grandest thought they shall bear away?
Let us teach respect for Christian laws,
And hold aloft each noble cause;
Reading the signs of the times aright,
Seizing the moment ere its flight,
Unto the uttermost while we may,
Showing the Christ to the world to-day.

MARY B. WINGATE.

ABOUT WOMEN FROM "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

IN only five states has a mother any absolute legal right to the custody of her children. These are Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon, and Washington, where both parents have equal rights in the matter.

In other states a mother has no control over her children, not even if driven from home by her husband's cruelty, unless she applies to the court for the custody. In other words, the father by right of fatherhood can claim his child, but motherhood is not enough; the court must be appealed to before the mother can have absolute right to her children. This injustice is so tangled with legal technicalities that it is hard to unravel the snarl, but since it has been done in five states it can be done in others.

The fact is, that while the women of America and England, driven by stress of numbers and an irresistible impulse of progression, have overflowed abundantly into the territory of the opposite sex, their sisters in Germany have remained strictly within bounds. Not theirs to pull up with eager hands the old landmarks or to tear down the ancient signposts with "thus far shalt thou go and no farther" written upon them.

Practically speaking, the women of Germany are precisely where they were a couple of centuries ago; like the brook they still "go on forever" with their baking and brewing, their mending and making, their cleaning and cooking.

Let no one despise the feminine virtue of housekeeping; but, if one may hazard such a treasonable suggestion, an *overdone* virtue is apt occasionally to prove oppressive.

I have observed and become somewhat acquainted with multitudes of negro women of every age, occupation, and degree of mental and social ability that throng the daily pathway of anybody who has anything of importance to do "down South," and have been impressed with the absolute absurdity of the ordinary huddling together of four millions of negro

women and girls in the one sweeping designation, "the negro woman." The Anglo-Saxon's habit in estimating all peoples outside the charmed circle of his own race nobility, is to call all of one nationality, color, or previous condition by a nickname, generally contemptuous and insulting, and to close his mind to any suggestion of modifications by class, culture, or character. The Irish of every sort, from the proud scion of an old-time lord to humble Bridget, are all "Paddy"; the Canadian-French, high and low, are "Canuck"; the Germans are "Dutch"; and so on.

More than thirty years ago, during the Lincoln presidential campaign, when Mr. Stephen A. Douglas went about the country talking of "niggers," Mr. Seward sent his respects to his senatorial colleague with the remark, "Please tell Mr. Douglas that no man will ever be president of the United States who spells negro with two g's."

We ought to protest against this including one-eighth of the American people in a disparaging epithet. The plain fact is that the eight millions of our people who have a dash of African blood in their veins probably represent a diversity of origin as great as any equal number of Americans of European heritage. Certainly neither our Irish, French, nor recent German populations are in any degree so modified by intermixture with "native American" blood in our country as this same people. Nobody dares to guess what proportion of the "first families" of the country are represented in the strange twilight region that hovers between the "superior" and the rejected race. I never looked upon a hundred negro school children without being aware of the presence of several boys and girls on whom none but an expert would fix the stigma of race inferiority.

There is no reason why, as time goes on, these eight millions should not vindicate their right to be estimated according to the Christian ideal, each according to actual condition.

Already there are among these four million southern women, wholly or in part of negro descent, as marked varieties of class,

culture, character, and achievement in all American occupations—with a fair ground for hopeful prophecy of the future—as among the descendants of any nationality, not excepting the Anglo-Saxon.

TENNYSON'S WOMEN.

BY WILDIE THAYER.

THERE is a class of people of the earth, very earthy, selfish, conceited, thoughtless, who have too much regard for their animal natures, too little for their divine. A man of this type is the "fat-faced curate, Edward Bull," who thus expresses his ideas of woman in "Edwin Morris":

"I take it, God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world.
A pretty face is well, and this is well,
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up
And keeps us tight, but these unreal ways
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.
I say God made the woman for the man,
And for the good and increase of the world."

But let not anyone think these are Tennyson's own ideas concerning woman; nor quote them as such. Indeed Tennyson was a sensible, as well as a gifted man. In "The Princess" he gives us his ideas of woman:

"Let them not fear! Some said their heads were less.
Some men's were small; not they the least of men;
For often fineness compensated size."
"Woman and man. She had founded, they must build.
Here might they learn whatever men were taught.
The woman's cause is man's,
They rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."
"Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,

She mental breadth,
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words."

Another class of people have but narrow ideas of woman, because they have seen only the narrow-minded women. They think all women are like the ones they have met. These people are generally inexperienced, or have met with some great disappointment, like the hero of "Locksley Hall," who says:

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions matched with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, or as water unto wine."

"Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's
pain—
Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower
brain:"

In "Locksley Hall" sixty years after, we have a different picture of a woman. This was written after the hero had more knowledge of woman, after he had seen other types of woman.

"Strong in will and rich in wisdom, Edith, loyal, lowly, sweet,
Feminine to her inmost heart, and feminine to her tender feet.
Very woman of very woman, nurse of ailing body and mind,
She that linked again the broken chain that bound me to my
kind."

There are also people who agree with the hard old king in
"The Princess," who exclaims:

"The bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom."

These people were formerly more plenty than now, for the modern woman is coming to the stage of action, and is showing her ability to work. Men are recognizing this fact. Their ideas of woman are also moving forward. In the words of Tennyson:

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs.
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the
suns."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN INDIA.

AMONG the interesting and instructive addresses given at Ocean Park during the August Assembly was one by Dr. J. L. Phillips. Our readers know that he is Sunday-school secretary for India. The following is in brief the account of his work as given by him :

When a boy of ten years he used to go into the room where his father was training native preachers for service and hear them pray that doors might be opened for the entrance of the Gospel. Those prayers have been answered. Zenana doors have opened and doors have also opened for the instruction of the children. Thousands of children are in Christian Sunday-schools in India to-day.

Three years ago a memorial was sent from the missionaries in India to the International Sunday-school Convention held in London, asking that measures might be taken to promote Sunday-schools in India. The result was the appointment of a Sunday-school secretary, and by choice of the missionaries in India of all denominations Dr. Phillips was selected as the man.

The money for the work was raised in this way. In Great Britain there is a Bible Reading Association including large numbers of children. Bequest was made of these children for a halfpenny apiece, and in a short time three thousand dollars were raised in this way.

It has become comparatively easy to gather Hindu and Mohammedan children into Sunday-schools. The advantages of a medical missionary in starting schools are great. A young girl had a large tumor on her neck. Her mother consented to have it removed because then she could sell her for a wife. The next Sunday after the operation was performed it was easy to start a Sunday-school under a banyan tree near by, for all the people had heard of the work of the physician and they were willing their children should be taught by him.

This work is opening a wide field for native workers and they are learning that this is a work which they can do. Where

there is but one Christian family they can call the children together and hold a Sunday-school.

This work is done through the various missions of the different denominations, and in some stations the number of schools is doubled. In some there are six times as many as formerly. There are many Christians of different nationalities, English, Scotch, and others, scattered all over India, whose presence there is either transient or for business purposes.

Formerly these persons did not realize that there is any work which they can do. Now they are taking hold in the Sunday-schools with excellent results.

The encouraging features are (1) that we can have all the children whom we can teach; (2) that many of them are converted, and frequently one boy or girl will bring a whole family to Christ.

An instance was given where among the Telugus sixty or seventy converts attributed their knowledge of Christ to one little Sunday-school boy.

Another case was given where a Sunday-school girl, married at the age of ten; in four years had led the whole family to Christ.

India is becoming honey-combed with Christianity through its Sunday-schools. The need of more workers is great.

At the close of his address many old friends gladly greeted Dr. Phillips and gave him God-speed in his noble work. He is to attend the International Sunday-school Convention at St. Louis as delegate from India, and returns to his field accompanied by his worthy wife in September.

“ Has your life a bitter sorrow ?
Live it down.
Think about a bright to-morrow ;
Live it down.
You will find it never pays
Just to sit wet eyed and gaze
On the grave of vanished days ;
Live it down.”

FROM THE FIELD.

EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

FROM MISS L. C. COOMBS.

DESCRIBING some things sent to a friend in this country, Miss L. C. Coombs says: "There is one stone idol and one brass one (a woman riding on an elephant) and three little brass ones. The stone one and the three little ones have been worshiped and are considered now as living and real gods. The elephant one is simply a piece of merchandise, as all of them are till the priest says a lot of incantations over them, whispers in their ears, and brings the god into them (!) and then some red paint is daubed on in spots to show that they are *living gods*. Sometimes spots of sandal-wood paste answer the purpose of the red paint.

"Some Hindus who saw these three little idols in the young man's hands who bought them and recognized them as 'living gods,' were greatly scandalized that he had been able to buy them of anybody, and tried to barter with him to get them back, and when they learned that they (the idols) were to be sent over 'the black waters' to a foreign country, they were still more shocked. They said, 'Why, it is a great disgrace to them and they will lose their caste and dignity utterly!' But the young man only laughed at them.

"My work has been completely changed since Mrs. Smith came, and I find the new work much freer from responsibility and constant care, though there is much more of real muscular work in it. I have been 'on the go' almost ever since I left the Orphanage. Mr. Griffin gave two little out stations into my care, and Mrs. Griffin gave me the care of her Bible women and of the book room in the Bazaar, and these with various other 'odds and ends' have kept me busy. I've been

to Metrapore twice, to Baliapal once, to Calcutta once on errands for Mrs. Smith, and to Jellasure and Santipore, besides going out with the Bible women whenever I get a chance. I enjoy this latter work, only I long for the 'tongue of fire.' Do pray for me that I may be imbued with power to reach their souls.

"Santipore, March 12, '93.—Our Quarterly Meeting is drawing to a close, and it has been a good season. Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, Mr. Coldren, and Mr. Rae are here and a goodly number of delegates from among the native brethren. There is only one 'sister' delegate from the other churches. The sermons and testimonies have been very encouraging and the evident growth in divine life of some of our brothers is most cheering. It would be very gratifying to know that hundreds of the heathen were being brought to Christ; but in the absence of that news we cheer ourselves with the thought that these men are becoming better and better prepared to be used by the Master in bringing others, and we surely shall hear of the ingathering soon. We hear of only four baptisms from heathenism in this Q. M. since the last, but I trust the number will be larger next time. There is a large Christian community here and *swarms* of children. This is a good field for work in preparing future workers."

FROM DR. MARY BACHELER.

We have been having a great deal of rain and the river has been higher than I have seen it since I was a little girl. Wednesday morning I took Mrs. Miner down to see the flood. You may remember that the great annual festival of Juggernaut occurs early in July, and naturally there would be a good many travelers, but I was surprised to see the crowds of people. It reminded me of the Sunday markets in Darjeeling.

The narrow road to the wharf was filled with a solid mass of pilgrims. Near the end of the road policemen had placed a barricade. The police had difficulty in letting us through and

at the same time preventing a rush of pilgrims just in our wake. We found the river had come up quite a little distance on the road, and was rushing madly. The current was so swift and strong that only a few could cross at a time, hence the police guard to prevent hoards of pilgrims rushing on to each boat and swamping it.

When we came back we saw the space around the popul tree in front of Juggernaut's temple filled with many little fire-places, where the cooking of rice, etc., was going on, while some of the pilgrims were napping at full length in the sunshine. Then we went down the Calcutta road. On the opposite side of the river, a little distance from the road, you remember a tank. On and about its banks we saw a large camp. We found the camp belonged to a rajah (king) mendicant, and as we passed by we saw the rajah and his companion sitting under a fluttering umbrella tent. You know how these people look, with their clay-painted faces, and bodies covered with ashes, tangled hair, etc. Fancy their traveling with a retinue of 1100, and having ponies, tents, and magnificent oxen, white, beautiful, and well cared for!

(Remark.—It is not uncommon for a rajah to do penance in this way, in the hope of attaining to be a god in the next birth.)

DR. BARNARDO tells us of honest sober people who toil from morn till night in a condition of slow starvation; pallid men in unhealthy homes sweated into premature graves with no ray of earthly hope to brighten their dreary way; women with iron-gray hair, furrowed brows, and lack-luster eyes, not because they are old, but because ill-fed and worn out at thirty-six they look as if they were sixty-three; around them are troops of children who wear only decaying rags, rarely have a full wholesome meal, and never rest in a decent bed: in short there are great appetites and nearly no dinners at the lower end of the social table, while at the upper end there are grand dinners and nearly no appetites.—*E. H. Jackson.*

PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN LIVING.

PILOTS.

THE death of nine young people by the drowning accident on Lake George suggests serious thoughts. In addition to the lessons to be learned by those who would avoid similar accidents in future are those of a different nature.

Of the nine who were drowned, eight were young women. The young men were swimmers and could help themselves until the boats reached them. An inexperienced pilot caused the disaster. As we look abroad in the world how many girls we find who are sinking in sadder depths than the waters of Lake George. In many cases mothers have proved to be inexperienced pilots. They have failed to give their daughters needed guidance to keep them in virtue's channel.

We asked recently of one who is engaged in rescuing fallen women, how many of those whose history she had traced were seduced by male associates shrewder than themselves, and the answer was, "A large majority."

Those eight drowning girls suggest hundreds who in the midst of worldly pleasure fall victims of inexperienced pilots. Mothers are proud of their daughters' attractions, but fail to warn them of the dangers connected with them.

In the accident above referred to, the girls showed their disadvantage in comparison with the boys in not being able to swim.

As a general thing girls are the suffering victims of wrong doing while everything seems to conspire to help the boys escape the consequences of their acts.

The girls need more experienced, wiser pilots at home, in the Sunday-school, in social life. They need better training to fit them to take care of themselves when temptation comes.

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded wagons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way except a poor old woman who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavement that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbors, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty, and to listen to her requests that they would be more gentle with their beasts.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work leveling the hill and re-opening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overloaded horses from falling, and stopped the blows and curses of their drivers, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

REV. F. M. TODD.

HAPPINESS is a sunbeam which may pass through a thousand bosoms without losing a particle of its original ray. Happiness is not perfected till it is shared.—*Jane Porter.*

WOMEN INVENTORS.

“**I**S it not strange,” said a gentleman recently, a warm friend of woman’s best development, “that women do not invent anything?”

As a reply we print for the benefit of all similar inquirers, the following from an exchange :

“Nearly 400 applications for patents were made last year by women. Foremost among the inventions are those appertaining to the adornment of the inventors or of their homes. But besides these there are new sky signs, fire escapes, cameras, balloons, and not a few conveniences for the opposite sex in the line of improved braces, buttonhole flower holders, trouser-splash preventers, etc. Not only do the women seem able to originate the ideas, but also to exploit their patents and introduce them. Several large commercial enterprises in England are carried on by women, and in this country a lady very successfully defended her patent dress protector in open court, conducted the case herself, and came off with flying colors.

“When we remember that two generations back, the whole time of our grandmothers was occupied in spinning, weaving, and the many duties of households to which machinery had brought little help, and that the education of most women was so limited that they had neither mathematics nor any other real help in practical science, is not this a pretty good record?”

“THE modern problems of life seem new and strange to us, but Christ sees in them the same deep need that has always been in man. The perplexities of our time do not baffle his wisdom, its sins do not exhaust his mercy, he is still unwearied in his purpose to rescue man from all sins and sorrows. He cannot despair of the human race, for he knows that because he cannot perish there must be life for the world. Let us with a joyful faith trust him whose idea of the golden age of humanity is nobler than ours, and who instructs us to seek it only by the noblest means.”

A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

AH me ! these terrible tongues of ours,
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?
Do we ever trouble our heads at all
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?
The latest chirp of that " little bird,"
The spicy story " you must have heard "—
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash !
What fames have been blasted and broken,
What pestilent sinks been stirred,
By a word in lightness spoken,
By only an idle word !

A sneer, a shrug, a whisper low—
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow ;
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,
They pierce the mail of the great and brave ;
Vain is the buckler of wisdom and pride
To turn the pitiless point aside ;
The lips may curl with a careless smile,
But the heart drips blood, drips blood the while.
Ah me ! what hearts have been broken,
What rivers of blood been stirred,
By a word in malice spoken,
By only a bitter word !

A kindly word and a tender tone—
The only God is their virtue known.
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead ;
The heart close barred with passion and pride
Will fling at their knock its portals wide ;
And the hate that blights and the scorn that sears
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,
What rivers of love been stirred,
By a word in kindness spoken,
By only a gentle word.

—*Christian Advocate.*

PUNDITA RAMABAI AND HER INSTITUTION.

FOR various reasons the work of Ramabai and her friends has been misunderstood. Every institution should be judged in view of what it sets out to be. It would be as unfair to expect a church choir to administer wisely the ecclesiastical affairs of the parish with which it is connected as it would be to demand of the board of deacons that they should do the singing. In India, as in other lands, there are many reforms needed, and there may be several methods employed for the accomplishment of any one of them. There can be no question that the terrible woes suffered by the women and children of India, as the result of social customs, demand relief, and that this relief, in view of these social customs, is most difficult to secure. Ramabai is employing one method which she deems most promising. What if it be not the best possible method? Has anyone a perfect method, either in general plan or in detail, so perfect and so well applied that there is no need for welcoming other helpers who are honestly and earnestly working for the same end?

We are glad to give here a brief reference to the work of Pundita Ramabai in a letter of Rev. J. P. Jones of our Madura Mission, who visited Poona while on his way to the Decennial Conference :—

“When one looks at her work not as a *missionary* institution, but as what it really is, a humanitarian movement in behalf of one of the most injured classes of human beings in the world, the child-widows of India ; when one comes to understand the beautiful character, deep piety, remarkable heroism, and single-minded devotion of this self-denying little woman to her down-trodden widow sisters of India ; when, moreover, he remembers that thus far she has had to struggle against bitter opposition from her own countrymen, even the most cultured and most thoroughly Westernized among them, he can enter with joy

and sympathy into her grand work and bid her a hearty God-speed. Though it is not outwardly a Christian institution it breathes a true Christian spirit, and its founder could not carry it on were it not for the Christian faith which supports her. She is ably supported by a native Christian lady, who was educated and brought up in our own Marathi Mission.

"We were all charmed with the simplicity and utter frankness of Ramabai, and after being kindly shown over the whole institution, learning of all its points, listening to the plaintive airs sung by the fifty child-widows who find here a refuge and a training for usefulness, we were converted from doubters into warm admirers of what I believe is the beginning of a great work in India."

WOMAN ON THE FARM.

THE most pathetic sight on earth, not excepting a sick baby, is the knotted, bent back of the woman who has spent the best years of her life as the so-called mistress of a farm. There is but one thing that matches it and that is her face, large-eyed, withered, rigid, dead; she has borne her children, suffered her woman's hope and baptism of pain, and has done the work every day that would have broken down three men. When the farm hand came in from the field he ruminated on the doorstep or with his feet on the hearth. She had the dishes to wash, the children to put to bed, and then sat down with the family mending basket. In the early days she had her ambitions for herself and her children and her husband; but hard work and that mortgage on the farm have eaten out her heart, and now with a sort of hopeless, bovine patience she looks on children grown up to just what she did not wish, while her immortal hope has dwindled to one great yearning for rest. Is there nothing better for the woman of the American farm? No remedy? There is. Let her begin her life, not only as the farmer's wife, but as his partner in business. There are money making interests on a farm which are forever

undeveloped unless the woman makes them evolute ; but first and chief it is necessary—unless the farmer's wife will settle down to be only the head "girl" of the concern without a dollar of wages, working for her victuals and clothes—that she shall *manage* some cash-producing business and be recognized as a producer. Such a position is imperative to prevent the whole investment of the farm being risked in one-sided farming, and that the man's side ; for however wise his management it represents only the masculine idea. There are capabilities in a woman for organizing and utilizing money-making opportunities on a farm that would otherwise go to waste. Her main obstacles are that she will not plan broadly enough, will not thoroughly acquaint herself with business details and will be too timid to assume financial responsibility in the face of the wet-blanketing her propositions will get nine times out of ten.

But in every direction women have demonstrated their ability as farm producers. It is a well recognized fact that Southern women-planters are usually a success, and often make plantations "pay" where the husband has succeeded only in increasing the mortgage and dying of discouragement. One instance will suffice. A planter's wife was left with a Mississippi river plantation, under \$23,000 mortgage, and a family of five children just ready for school and college. The two years' illness of her husband had given her a grasp of the business. After his death, when the commission merchant came up to "close her out," the improved condition of the place and the wisdom of her plans caused him to say, "I'll advance all the money you want this year." At the end of three years she had paid the mortgage, sent her sons and daughters to college, and her plantation was universally confessed to be the best improved one in the county. Not very long after she married the young man whom she had placed in charge of a store she had opened.

God alone can fathom the mysteries of a nature that conceived it needed a partner in such success. It only proves

that "natur' will caper" in the face of any power of business or ballot, and that the family instincts of women reign "till death do us part," notwithstanding the fears of some timid men.

The dairy scientifically managed affords work for women's hands and brains. One young woman in Scotland became so proficient she was engaged to give a course of dairy instruction in Aberdeenshire, which was deemed so valuable she was permanently retained in that district. Cheese and butter offer a large field. The culture of bees, silkworms, poultry, eggs, beef-cattle, sheep and wool, and even horses, has been successfully manipulated by enterprising women. A woman near Los Angeles, Cal., has made a wondrous success of a rose farm, the product being attar of roses for the market. The May number of the *Californian Illustrated* tells of other women there, mostly Southerners thrown on their own resources, who have become farmers of note, taking care to be first in market, making neat and secure packing a specialty, and studying the problem of finding hardy trees and flowers, choosing those which can best stand the invasion of moth and disease.—*H. B. Kells, in Union Signal.*

"DEATH is rest, a deliverance from the exhausting labors and cares of this world. When, then, thou seest a relative departing, yield not to despondency; give thyself to reflection; examine thy conscience; cherish the thought that after a while this end awaits thee also. Be more considerate; let another's death excite thee to salutary fear; shake off all indolence; examine your past deeds, and commence a happy change."

"A MISSIONARY to New Zealand, who was in the habit of dispensing blankets among the Maoris who attended his meetings, noticed that one native came too frequently for these comfortable articles. He mentioned the fact. 'No more blankets?' inquired the Maori. 'Well, then, no more hallelujah!' And he departed."

HELPS FOR MONTHLY MEETINGS.

THE CONCERT CALENDAR, 1893.

January, The World; *February*, China; *March*, Mexico; *April*, India and Burma; *May*, Malaysia; *June*, Africa; *July*, United States; *August*, Italy and Bulgaria; *September*, Japan and Korea; *October*, Scandinavia, Germany, and Switzerland; *November*, South America; *December*, United States.

PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER.

A Study of Faith.—Christ precious to those having it. (1 Pet. 2: 7.)

Christ in the heart by faith. (Eph. 3: 17.)

Necessary in prayer. (Matt. 21: 22.)

Those not Christ's without faith. (John 10: 26, 27.)

Faith gives evidence of a new birth. (1 John 5: 1.)

The saints live by faith. (Gal. 2: 20.)

We stand by faith. (Rom. 11: 20.)

We walk by faith. (2 Cor. 5: 7.)

By faith a good report. (Heb. 11: 2.)

World overcome by faith. (1 John 5: 5.)

The devil resisted by faith. (1 Pet. 5: 9.)

Devil overcome by faith. (Eph. 6: 16.)

The Original Woman's Circle. Read Matt. 27: 55, 56; Luke 8: 1-3; Luke 23: 49-55.

1. *Who composed the Society.*

There was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children, and Salome, and Joanna the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward, and Susanna. These were the leaders and the prominent members of the Society, but they were not all by any means. There were "many others" who attended and helped to do the work, for so says the record.

2. *Who were the missionaries they helped.*

Primarily and conspicuously it was the great missionary himself who came down from heaven—direct from the bosom of the Father with the message of salvation for all nations; but inferentially and secondarily the twelve special missionaries whom Christ chose to be with himself. Christ was the head of the house, and stood in the place of provider so that while he was with them they lacked not anything, purse, or scrip, or shoes. The disciples had a little treasury among themselves, but it had to have some source of supply. Christ was over it, and whatever was given ostensibly to Christ himself, and whatever was done, was done in the name of Christ.

3. *How the Society carried on its operation.*

It is told in one short sentence "*they ministered unto Him with their substance.*" This was not once simply, but was the rule. Matthew, Mark, and Luke all notice it, so it was a notable thing. Three persons tell us in one form or another that they ministered unto Him. Some of them had means, no doubt. Certainly the wife of Herod's steward would have something at her command. What kind of an organization they had we do not know—but we do know that they were in existence for more than two years, and that some of them were continually off and on following Jesus and furnishing supplies. No report has come down to us, but the Holy Spirit prompted three *men* to make one for them. A mighty history is compressed into these short words, "*Who also followed Him and ministered unto Him.*" It was a real genuine Woman's Circle managed without noise, and the first one that existed under the gospel dispensation. Great was their reward afterwards.—*Rev. Wm. Ashmore, in Mission Studies.*

Subject for discussion: Social purity. How shall we save the girls? Refer to editorial on "Pilots" in "Practical Christian Living."

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.—The W. M. S. of the Sebec Q. M. met with the Charleston church, Saturday afternoon, June 17. The meeting was interesting and well attended. Program as follows: Singing; portions of Scripture read by the president followed by prayer; report of the last meeting read by the secretary; "Children's Greeting," Fred Stevens; reading, Miss Alice Jordan; recitation, "Open Doors in Africa," Elvie Stevens; singing; then followed an interesting sermon by a brother of the M. E. denomination, Rev. Donnock; following the sermon was a recitation by Marion Jones, entitled, "The Little Red Box." The boxes were passed around by the children, and perhaps to them we are somewhat indebted for a collection of \$6.11. May we all remember the last commission of our Saviour, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and may we earnestly try to do all we can to

raise the funds so much needed for this work ; and if we are faithful we shall hear from the Master of the vineyard, "Well done, good and faithful servant." In connection with this meeting the regular business meeting was held. After prayer there were reports from different Auxiliaries. Then followed some discussions in regard to the best method of conducting our public meetings, and a vote was taken which decided that we should have a short mission sermon in connection with the exercises by the children. Officers for the coming year were elected: President, Mrs. H. W. Stevens, Charleston; vice-presidents, Mrs. Thomas Kinney and Miss Carrie E. Rich; secretary and treasurer, Miss Alice L. Jordan, Sebec Station.

KANSAS.—*Buffalo Valley Auxiliary.* I send a report of our society that you may know that we are doing something in the West. The society presented one of our ministers \$21 in the way of a suit of clothes, \$12.30 of it being donated by Mr. Anton Christeson; \$2.10 remain in the treasury. Regular meetings are held every two weeks. Other home work is being done.

MINNESOTA.—The Winona and Houston Q. M. W. M. S. met on Saturday evening, June 10, with the New Hartford church organized less than one year ago. The meeting all through was one of special interest. School closed on Friday P. M. Several men met and cleaned the schoolhouse where we met. All due preparation was made for a good meeting. The farmers left the field and enjoyed the meeting. On Saturday evening an excellent program was carried out, the teachers having rendered great help in drilling the children. Among the recitations were "The Missionary Clock," "Little Light Bearers," "The Beatitudes," and others. We trust the entertainment did a good work at home by the liberal collection of \$6.30 for Foreign Missions. MRS. C: W. DENNIS, *Pres.*

PENNSYLVANIA.—The W. M. S. of the Washington Q. M. met with the Rockdale church June 3, 1893. The business

meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Throop. In absence of the president the meeting was called to order by Mrs. Carrie Heminway, who offered prayer. Mrs. Heminway was elected president *pro tem.*, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. F. S. Hatch, secretary and treasurer, Miss Ella McLatchy. The following delegates to the Y. M. were elected: Mrs. Carrie Heminway, Mrs. Wm. McLatchy, and Miss Alice Winchester. Adjourned to meet at the church for regular exercises. After prayer service Rev. L. L. Larned and Rev. Howard gave each a short talk on Foreign Missions; after which we enjoyed the following: Recitations by Pearl Babcock, Myrtie Frauntz, Jennie Quay, Lillie Throop, May Babcock, and Nina Irvin; solos by Rev. Irvin and Ethel Chapin; select readings by Carrie Heminway and Ella McLatchy; essays by Alice Winchester. Collection \$6.75. The amount contributed by the different Auxiliaries for the support of Dr. Nellie Phillips this year is as follows: Spring Creek \$24.96, Excelsior \$9.92, Rockdale \$10.80, Waterford \$3.76, Lake Pleasant \$4.25, Sparta \$3.97. Total \$57.66.

Alice Winchester, *Q. M. Sec. and Treas.*

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

OUR DAUGHTERS.

THE curse of our modern society is that our young women are taught that the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, fiftieth thousandth thing in their life is to get somebody to take care of them. Instead of that, the first lesson should be how under God they may take care of themselves. The simple fact is that the majority of them have to take care of themselves, and that too after having, through the false

notions of their parents, wasted the years in which they ought to have learned how successfully to maintain themselves. It is inhuman and cruel for any father or mother to pass their daughters into womanhood having given them no facility for earning their livelihood. Madame de Stael said, "It is not these writings that I am proud of, but the fact that I have facilities in five occupations, in any of which I could make a livelihood." We should teach our daughters that work of any kind when necessary is a credit and honor to them. It is a shame for a young woman belonging to a large family to be inefficient when the mother and father toil their lives away for her support. It is a shame for a daughter to be idle while her mother toils at the wash-tub. It is as honorable to sweep the house, make beds, trim hats, as it is to play a piano, twist a watch-chain, or embroider a slipper.—*Selected.*

WHEN Lady Dufferin began her scheme for the improvement of the physical condition of women in India, seven years ago, it was hardly expected that in so short a time such striking results would be achieved. Last year 466,000 women received medical treatment. The staff now consists of 9 women doctors and 31 assistants, and the number of native and Eurasian women under instruction steadily increases. . . . Of the women of India, 40,000,000 are shut up in zenanas, 23,000,000 are widows, and 79,000 were widows before they were nine years of age. Only one woman in 800 is under instruction, and but one Protestant missionary is found to 500,000 of the population.—*Missionary Review.*

THE Lord is faithful to accept even the very small part of us we are sometimes willing to give up to him, but we want it remembered how much greater blessing we shall have by giving ourselves entirely up to him.—*Mary Frazer.*



LETTER FOR THE CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN :—

I know that some of you are very much interested in the new mission station at Contai. How do I know this? Because you have sent money to help the work there.

Now because you are interested you will feel a little sorry, I know, when I tell you what happened there a few days ago.

Mr. Hallam and I have been appointed to begin mission work there, but there was no house for us and one had to be built. In the meantime we have been living in Balasore until the house was ready. Mr. Ager, one of our missionaries, was building the house ; it was nearly ready and I was packing our goods so as to be prepared to move in a few days.

While he was building the house, he lived in a tent near by which was covered with a thatch made of straw, to protect him and his dear little wife from the great heat. The new house was so nearly completed they were able to leave the tent and occupy one of the rooms of the house, when lo ! a heavy storm of wind and rain appeared. We had the same storm here, but it was nothing like so intense as it was in Contai and Chand-bali. The wind increased with so much violence one of the doors was blown from its hinges, and the water poured into the room. The wind then suddenly changed and went to another side of the house to try to get into that door also. In the meantime the light went out and the matches would not ignite. While Mr. Ager was trying to hold the door, Mrs. A. was feeling around in the dark for a rope which fortunately she

found and that door was securely fastened. When this was done, they went to the driest corner they could find, and after committing themselves to the dear Master, waited for the break of day.

When the new day came Mr. Ager went to the door to look out to see what had happened outside. What was his horror to see the shed he had built for the workmen all lying flat on the ground. One horse was dragged out of the ruins; the other had to wait until the ruins could be removed from him. How very thankful we are that no lives were lost, and that no one was injured.

Well, we cannot move to Contai until the rainy season is over, and then if the Lord wills we want to build some strong houses to take the place of those sheds. We must have some houses for the native preachers to live in, and oh! we do so much need a chapel, a house for the worship of the true God in that wicked place, and Contai is a very wicked place. There are heathen temples all around where little Hindu children are taught to worship such dreadful looking gods of wood, stone, and other things. Won't you and we be glad when there is a nice new chapel near the new house where our little band of Christian workers can sing the praises of Jesus? That would be a very happy day in Contai. I wonder how long we must wait for that joy!

With love to all our Mission Bands of busy, happy workers in America.

LIDA J. HALLAM.

SOME BOYS IN INDIA.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:—

In the morning from seven till nine, about thirty-five of my boys sit in two long rows on my veranda and sew. While they are hemming and felling, basting and backstitching, we talk. Sometimes the talks are about countries and people, but often they are very serious ones about the faults of the boys themselves. I am very sorry to tell it, but many of these boys use

naughty words. Sometimes some of them lie and steal, then they get to playing and neglect to sweep their houses, bring water, and clean their lanterns.

Now don't think too badly of these little fellows. At school, at play, and on the street they hear many wicked things. Some of them came from heathen homes where their fathers and mothers taught them to lie and use bad language.

Well, one morning I told them about the "Ministering League" and asked them that day to try and do at least one helpful act and to notice something helpful that some one else did. The first day all did not try, but soon they entered into it heartily, and here are some of the helpful things they did.

One boy saw an old woman trying to draw water from the well. The bucket was too heavy for her, so he drew it up and poured the water into her dish. Another taught a little boy just in from Hinduism how to pray and say the Ten Commandments. Some lent slates and pencils to those without; some helped others with their lessons. One rainy morning one boy got an umbrella and took the other boys one by one from my veranda to their house. One boy took care of a little fellow who was troublesome nights; another waited on a sick boy.

Dear little Bepin, aged four, washed the dishes of some boys who might have been late for school.

My two large boys come near sometimes when we are talking and there is a cry from all to hear what they have done.

One said, "It rained very hard when I was going to school and I let a boy walk under my umbrella. I saw something helpful too. I was about to sit down on a bench which had some ink on it when a boy stopped me."

The other said, "I did something; I don't know whether it would be called helpful or not. A boy in school likes very much to sit beside me. He sits beside me very day. Yesterday he used bad language. I told him if he did so again that I could not have him sit beside me any more. He promised not to and asked my pardon."

That was rather a brave thing to say to that Hindu boy, wasn't it?

C. I. BOYER.

THIS has often been called woman's century, but we believe it has only seen the first principles of the higher life of which she is capable, and which the twentieth century will develop. May we say just a word to those who represent this coming century here to-day—you who are just entering upon your beautiful womanhood. We shall soon commit to you the cause which has grown so dear to some of us as to form our very life. We rejoice to believe that we can give it to you from a higher plane than that from which we received it twenty-five years ago. We received it from our mothers, who planted the love for missions in our childish hearts, and we pass it on to you, our daughters. To you there comes an opportunity such as women have never had before, and with it comes a great responsibility—whether you accept it or not, whether you recognize it or not, it still rests upon you—even the fate of thousands of twentieth century heathen women. We dare to say this because you have Omnipotent power behind you. Neither do we present any appalling or overwhelming undertaking. You have an invincible Leader who is gentleness itself; who never says go here or go there, but "Follow me." We cannot tell where obedience to this "follow me" will lead,

For God through ways they have not known
Will lead his own.

But this we know, that whether the way be long or short, filled with rough stones or upspringing flowers, it will lead you—if faithful to the end—to joy unspeakable, even a part in the salvation of the world.—*Life and Light*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MISS COOMBS writes, "I am not to go home this year and perhaps not for two years. I am remarkably well, and since leaving the orphanage have taken a new lease of health." . . . *The meetings at Ocean Park* which represent woman's special work are just commencing. Without delaying this number of the HELPER we cannot report them, but will give our read-

ers the gist of them in the October number. Very appreciative words are said of the ways in which our representatives at the Women's Congress at the World's Fair did honor to our society. Mrs. Stevens, president of the Maine W. C. T. U., referred in very complimentary language to the address given by Miss DeMeritte. Although we sincerely regret the enforced absence of our president, Mrs. Mary A. Davis, we are very glad that Miss DeMeritte was able to fill the place so ably. Mrs. Mosher also did herself much credit, and honored the society by the representation which she gave us in the Woman's Council.

The following extracts from letters help our readers to know what each other thinks and experiences: "*I do so much enjoy our dear HELPER.*" "*I had the pleasure of going on a missionary trip in the St. Croix Q. M. ; organized four auxiliaries and four bands. I enjoyed the work and found many dear friends, although never having met them before.*" Another says, "*I have not been able to do much. I have visited several families in our own and one neighboring church. A few have said they were ready to do all they could. One brother said we could not do much for a long time, maybe for years. One sister said it would not take her five minutes, as soon as she had learned enough about it to know that there was anything good in it, and that it is for the Lord. I think we may be able to meet soon and try to organize a society. One brother said it would have to be a matter of education, and one of our sisters said she thought our pastor was one of those who would have to be educated, as she had never heard him speak a word on the subject, but he commended the work when I brought it up in our last Quarterly Meeting.*" . . . *It is interesting to note the steady advancement of woman in her relation to the world's work. The following are among recent indications: "Mrs. Mary A. Salisbury, the widow of Capt. Salisbury of the Pomham lighthouse, one of the most important*

points on Narragansett Bay, R. I., was recently appointed to succeed her husband as lighthouse keeper. Previous to the death of Capt. Salisbury she had charge of the light, and for many years she has been the assistant. There were many male applicants for the place, including the keepers of less desirable lighthouses along the coast." . . . *The People's Institute* at Roxbury, Mass., at a recent meeting amended its constitution so as to admit women. . . . *The New York Post* says: "Following in the steps of the New Century Club of Philadelphia and the Industrial and Educational Union of Buffalo, the women of Rochester have formed a nonsectarian organization to promote mutual co-operation and sympathy among their sex. The Buffalo union, which has been at work eight years, seems to embrace through its various departments all the activities of woman; for it has chapters for employment, domestic training, hygiene and physical culture, philanthropy, education, literary and musical entertainments, library and kitchen garden, social affairs, and a protective committee that cares for the legal rights of weak or ignorant women. During the past year this committee has collected \$7,000 earned by women, and settled fifty-nine cases." . . . *The Lewiston Journal* says: "The attempt to confine women in the kitchen or in the parlor is being baffled all over the world and in all departments of life. Women are advancing to positions of honor, both in the professional and in the literary world, as well as in business and industry. For example, a recent issue of the *Paris Figaro* devotes half a column to an enthusiastic account of a young American girl named Klumpke, who has won for herself recognition as one of the most learned astronomers and most indefatigable and successful observers in France. Miss Klumpke's labors are of quite a different kind, and consist entirely of original observation and research. Already a bachelor of science, and soon to be admitted to the doctorate, her zeal and intelligence have won for her a highly privileged position. Anna Klumpke, her



sister, is an artist of merit, particularly noted as a miniaturist, and some of her work has been exhibited at the National Academy of Design in New York. Another sister, Mme. Dejerine, is a doctor and the wife of a doctor. She shares with Mme. Bertillon-Schultz the honor of being the best patronized woman physician in Paris. And yet a majority of the recent Maine House said that women should not be allowed even a municipal ballot."

The World's Congress of Missions, to be held in connection with the World's Fair, will hold its sessions from Sept. 28 to Oct. 5, at the Art Palace, Chicago.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for July, 1893.

MAINE.

Athens	\$2.50
Brunswick aux.	6.50
Brunswick Young Ladies' Miss. Band for Katie	6.25
Biddeford aux.	11.14
Brunswick 1st ch. aux., Miss Coombs's salary	20.00
Bowdoinham aux., T. O.	5.50
East Parsonsfield aux., support of child in Sinclair Orphanage and L. M. Miss Callie Weeks and Q. M. appro.	3.00
East Hebron aux., F. M.	4.65
Kenduskeag, Mrs. J. J. Banks F. M.	2.00
Limerick aux., Q. M. appro.	6.64
Limerick aux., T. O.	7.86
(of this bal. L. M. Mrs. E. M. Brown \$5.00, and on L. M. Mrs. G. G. Haines \$9.50)	
Portland aux., 1st F. B. ch. zen. work	4.00
do Miss. Band do rag. sch.	3.20
South Parsonsfield aux., T. O. on Q. M. appro.	6.50
West Falmouth, "Helping Hands" rag. sch.	9.00
West Lebanon aux.	6.00
Weeks Mills, a friend	2.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belmont aux., T. O. for Miss

Butts and Mrs. Lightner	\$14.85
Danville, "Golden Rule Workers" for child in India	10.00
Danville, from ladies' T. O. . . .	6.25
Danville aux.,	2.50
Farmington, Children's Band for Harriet Adams in Sinclair Orphanage	15.00
Franklin Falls aux., for Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner	14.66
Hampton aux., Miss Butts and Mrs. Lightner	10.00
Laconia aux., do do	3.00
Loudon, Mrs. J. E. Sanborn do do	2.00
Manchester, Miss. Soc. 1st F. B. church of which \$21.81 is T. O., Somersworth aux., Miss Butts' sal. and bal. L. M. Mrs. J. Young	23.26
Tamworth Iron Works aux. . . .	5.00
West Campton, Mrs. N. Jones . . .	7.25
	..50

VERMONT.

Huntington Q. M. cel., Mrs. Smith's salary	\$3.00
Huntington ch. Mrs. Smith's sal., North Danville aux., do	4.50
do A. C. F. do	2.00
	5.00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone Young People, Ind. dept. \$10.00, Busy Bees \$3.00,

and Miss Phillips \$5.00 \$18.00
Wellesley, Olive S. Bean 8.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn Crystal Band, T. O. Miss
Phillips \$2.00, Ind. dept. \$2.00, \$4.00
Pascoag Y. P. S., Miss Phillips . . 8.75
Providence, Mrs. J. Fletcher
Roger Williams ch. Ind. work . . 6.25

NEW YORK.

Poland aux. \$20.00

ILLINOIS.

Fox River Q. M., Miss. Soc. for
F. M. \$5.00

MICHIGAN.

Batavia aux., for F. M. \$7.50

IOWA.

Cedar Valley Q. M. aux., Mrs.
Miner's salary \$2.00
Burr Oak aux., do 9.34
East Liberty aux., do 1.32
Liberty Center aux., do 3.34

Lockridge aux., do50
do G. Schillerstrom do50
Van Buren Q. M. aux., do 2.00
Waterloo aux., do 10.00

MINNESOTA.

Nashville Center, Mrs. A. A.
McKenney F. M. \$3.00
New Hartford, birthday offering
F. M. 2.00
Pickwick do do 3.00
Winona and Houston Q. M. col. do 6.15

NEBRASKA.

Firth aux., for child \$1.75, for
teacher \$6.25 \$8.00
Long Branch aux., F. M. 5.33

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Valley Springs aux., teacher at
Midnapore 12.50

Total \$382.05

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treas.
Dover, N. H.

ORGANS FOR MISSION WORK.

Style 1.

Height, open, 2 ft. 9 in.; closed, 1 ft. 1 in. Length, 2 ft. 4 in. Depth, 1 ft. 4 in. Weight, 65 lbs.

Three and one-half Octave Keyboard. One set of DIAPYCN REEDS of great power. Open Register and Knee Swell.

Style 2.

Height, open, 2 ft. 8 in.; closed, 1 ft. 2 in. Length, 2 ft. 4 in. Depth, 1 ft. 9 in. Weight, 80 lbs.

Four Octave Keyboard. Two full sets of Reeds; Four Stops, with Octave Couplers and Knee Swells.

This is not a "child's organ," but made for real every-day service. It is prepared with special reference to all climatic changes. A large number have already been sold on the Foreign Mission Fields. It will be found fully satisfactory, both as to its musical quality, mechanical capacity, and durability.

ORGANS FOR CHAPELS AND SMALLER CHURCHES.

We make a complete series of Chapel Organs. They have the Estey reeds, action, bellows, etc., and are noted for their leading or "carrying" power. For lecture and lodge rooms they are in great demand.

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The largest part of our trade is in the direction of organs for the home. It is impossible, in any single advertisement, to enumerate the many styles and sizes in which these organs are manufactured. All this, and much more interesting information, can be obtained from a perusal of our large illustrated catalogue, mailed free on application. Correspondence invited.

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